

ed him, "Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover," did Jesus say to them, "You are under a misapprehension, I am not going to eat the Passover anywhere?" Not quite. What did he say? "Say to the good man of the house, the Master says, my time is at hand, I WILL KEEP THE PASSOVER at thy house with my disciples." Did Christ tell the truth when he said, "I will keep the Passover?" Brother Ridenour seems to think not. A natural consequence, when we admit that Christ was capable of transgressing the law, we also admit that he may be capable of lying. Horrible thought. Brother James, bad discrimination and exceedingly bad theology. Again I must say, "away with this insidious germ of infidelity." But what does Christ mean when he says "I will keep the Passover?" Just as in the case of Moses. There is but one answer, the disciples went and made ready the Passover. But *where* did he say he would keep the Passover? At the house of the man to whom the disciples bore his message. Did he keep it there? I say yes, because he said he would. Look again at Matt. 26:17. When did they keep it at this man's house? That same night, because he could not keep it at any other time, for there was not any other time left. Brother Ridenour seems to think that the disciples prepared the Passover, but they did not eat it, but ate a supper that was in no sense the Passover. But Christ said he would keep the Passover at this man's house, and I have a very peculiar disposition to believe him, rather than Ridenour, Wampler or any body else.

Brother Ridenour did ask one question that is relevant and entitled to consideration, and that is, "If they were eating the Passover when Jesus said to Judas, "That thou doest do quickly"" why some of them thought Judas was to buy the things they would need for the feast." What feast did they mean if not the Passover? Answer, The feast of unleavened bread which was to last some days, and was not absolutely a part of the Passover. "In the fourteenth day of the first month at even is the Lord's Passover, and on the fifteenth day of the same month is the feast of unleavened bread unto the Lord." Lev. 23:5, 6. This, I think, is a sufficient answer to his question. He has asked others, such as to what kind of meat they had, "lamb or kid." I think these and kindred questions savor more of the art of the quibbler, than of the honest seeker after the truth. Shall now dismiss the subject, unless very potent reasons will come to the surface. I shall say no more on it during the year of grace 1895.

Congress, Ohio.

OBITUARY.

Arthur Stanley McClain, aged four years, four months and twenty-eight days, son of W. S. and Mary McClain, received a fall last Friday about six o'clock striking his head upon the floor, which caused hemorrhage of the brain. After the fall he spoke a few words, took a drink of water, but became unconscious in about ten minutes, and lived only about seven hours when he passed away peacefully. The funeral was held at the Brethren church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock conducted by Elders S. T. Grove and C. Forney from the words, "It is well with the child." The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community in this sudden and unlooked for affliction.

In memory of Arthur Stanley McClain, born August 11, 1890; died March 9, 1895.

"Fold the little hands so cold,
O'er the pulseless baby breast;
For our darling one is sleeping
In death's long and dreamless rest.
Press the dark fringed eyelids gently
O'er the sunny, trusting eyes;
Eyes that closed on earth forever,
Open wide in Paradise.

Vain we question why it happened;
How it could be for the best;
Wondering why those feet so early
In their journey needed rest.

How our hearts are aching, broken,
With the dull unceasing pain;
And the light of life seems vanished,
Never to come back again."

Rest sweet, darling boy rest,
In the raptures of Paradise so blest;
Plucked from life's garden the tender flower
Shall eternally bloom in Eden's bower.

"Dear little Artie then good-bye,
Our darling little one;
Tis hard, but we will try
To say, 'THY WILL BE DONE.'"
—W. S. AND MARY MCCLAIN.

WATCH AND WORK.

J. W. FUNK.

Will our love for God and our faith be strong enough to stand the test in time of trial. We are commanded to watch and pray at all times for the coming of our Lord, lest he overtake us unawares and find us sleeping. Oh! who will be among those who will flee for their lives in the latter days. I think not those who are ready to take up arms at every rumor of war. I would rather be fleeing for my life and watching for my Lord at his coming than to have a gun on my shoulder and be watching for a chance to shoot down my fellowman. But when we speak of non-resistance they, yes even church members become indignant and call us ugly names. God pity them and give

them more of a hungering and thirsting after a better knowledge of the truth. There are many other questions that are neglected. Brethren let us keep the faith as delivered unto us and do and teach it neglecting not in the least. But we must get rid of this *worldly fear*.

Brethren this is something that does not bother us very much as long as we are under our own vine and fig tree. Or when we are surrounded by many of like faith. But I want to ask a question, Should we fear to declare the whole council of God among friends or foe? I think not. Yet we have known persons, yes ministers of the Gospel, going into a community where some of the commandments of God's word are not taught, and teach and preach for more than a week, and fail to give a reason for things they believe are very essential. Well they say the people would not give us lodging if we teach these things. "*The Savior had not where to lay his head.*" Yet he did declare the whole council of God. Oh! ye fearful. Get more of that perfect love which casteth out this worldly fear and the desire to gain favor of the world. Let us try to find favor with God. For the favor of the world is deceitful. Fear not them who are able to kill the body, but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Surely when we are warming at a strangers fire is the time our faith is tried. And like Peter of old we deny Christ by neglecting to declare the whole truth. It is good for Christ's soldiers to launch out in new fields of labor, providing they do not quit their colors.

Brethren let us build for us a home
On the other side of the river,
Where saints and angels together roam
With the Savior, the bountiful giver.

To enjoy the blessings "Eye hath not seen,"
And to be immortally crowned
For service here; *the good we mean.*
"Ear hath not heard" what joys abound
On the other side of the river.

Though tribulation and trials we meet
He thereby forms our lives you see.
May he form them well and guide our feet,
That he may say, Well done come dwell
with me
On the other side of the river.

Why mourn for those who have crossed?
We have a hope they are not lost.
They only wait on that bright shore
To greet their friends as they come o'er.

By going a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend on the corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word, "Providence."—*Long-fellow.*